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of English history. Again, all the excellencies

of art, and the rich glories of literature and

song,—all the treasures of taste and eloquence

which ennobled Greece and adorned Roman

greatness,—revived again in England, as if

there to receive polish and perfection. Again,

the spirit founded by Roman valor seemed to

be checked in the extension of Rome's imperial

way. The mountain ridges of Caledonia, the

woods of Germany and Brittany, the trackless

slopes of Parthia, the red sands of Central Africa

were the only ramparts which could defy the

advance of the Roman conquering legions.

Even the boundless forests of the Ardennes were

not sufficient to oppose the progress of Julius

Cæsar. But what shall we say,—what must we

say,—of the empire which Great Britain has ex-

tended over seas and oceans unheard of by the

Roman,—over countries greater than Europe

in extent, of which some were altogether un-

known to the ancients, and others known only

by the balsams and spices which they sent

them? She has whitened the oceans with the

stars of her commerce; she has sent her ships

wherever the marts of men meet with traffic;

she has covered this wide earth with colonies,

and in these latter days, with her dependencies.

She now rules at this present hour something

in the neighborhood of three hundred millions

of men. She has given laws, literature, and

language to what are now refined and cultivated

peoples. She numbers among her subjects, not

alone the hardy clans and tribes that shiver

beneath northern skies, but also the dusky slaves

that repose in the orange groves or walk in the

trackless sands of the tropics. We would love

to pause in the presence of all this greatness;

we would love to think upon the varied story of

toil and enterprise that urged these mighty con-

quests, and could wish that there were no dark-

er pages to tell of blood,—of groans of wan-

tered nations,—no base deeds that could tar-

nish the lustre of all that glory for—

"No matter how blazoned in story

The fame of the victor may be

Accursed the fame of that glory

That trends on the hearts of the free."

Yes, "look upon this picture, and then upon

your mind's eye—the picture of the British

Isles. Ireland there appears to be a country

equal in extent to about one-half of the entire

island of Great Britain, or about two-thirds of

England alone, and more circular in shape than

the sister island,—she is called the star of the

island, rather,—and more indented by creeks and

bays. She presents a longer coast line than

both England and Wales together; while capitu-

lous basins, sheltered by far-reaching headlands,

surrounding numbers of the English, France or

Spain, might persuade the stranger to the Irish

shores that this little island was formed in a

peculiar manner to prosper by the enterprise

of the ocean. Looking at this map, you will

observe that the entire of the island is seen in-

tersected in all directions by rivers navigable to

the lighter class of vessels; and, rising—as most

of the island, they seem to have been destined by

a bountiful Providence to bear the rich produc-

tions of the fertile soil to shores bustling with

industry and crowded over with numerous thriv-

ing sea-ports. All this latter assertion is better

understood by those who may be acquainted

with the boundless sources of wealth of which

our little island is possessed,—her valleys teeming

with richness and glowing with beauty; her

green hills, clothed by their sides with verdure

to their summits, yielding pastures rich and un-

tilled by any country, and adapted to every

state speaks eloquently of declining trade, whose

poverty-stricken lanes seem to be the abode of

poverty itself, and whose large establishments

are an extensive poor-house. He may drive

through large, ancient cities,—like the ancient

city of Limerick,—and the quiet streets and

tenanted houses tell him of the absence of the

busy mart. No tall chimneys are there,

rising up from numerous factories; no whirr of

the busy wheel, no clanging of the hammer; no

bustle to indicate the industry of the masses;—

nothing to remind him of New York, nothing to

remind him of the busy centres of industry

of this great country; nothing to remind him

of the Birmingham, the Glasgow, and the

Leeds of imperial England; while the harbors,

as he approaches the sea-board, lead him to

wonder, as he contrasts their emptiness with the

London and Plymouth of the "sister island."

He may drive through the open country; and

what meets his gaze? I have not been there for

three years; but the Archbishop of Toronto was

there some two months ago, and he has written

a letter encouraging the "Home Rule Associa-

tion" in Canada. The good Bishop thinks, I

suppose, that Home Rule is going to do a mir-

acle for Ireland. I differ with him. He says

that it was not the Ireland of his early remem-

brance that he saw; as he looked from the rail-

road carriage; that he saw emptiness, desola-

tion and solitude as dreary and as desolate as

he witnessed in driving through the dreary,

empty, desolate Campagna; with this difference

alone, that, while everything was silent and

hushed as death, every field was filled with fat

cattle. Yes, my friends, this is what the traveler

witnesses in passing through our beloved island,

in this year of grace. He will witness other

things, too. Now, it will be the roofless walls

of entire villages, and, anon, and frequently, it

will be the ruins of the poor man's cottage; and,

again, another evidence of ruin remains in the

clustering poplars, and the neglected hedge-

row, telling him where a home once stood;—all

comes before his mind, a touching memorial of

a wasted population; and, if he is a thinking

man, a further evidence of national decline.

"All have the land, so blessing the king's

Princes and peers may flourish and may fade;

A brood can make them, at a breath, both made;

But a bold peasant, with a bow and arrow, can

When once destroyed can never be supplied."

Oh! if the impassioned soul of Thomas Davis

poured itself forth in elegy of song over the

wasted homes of a single district in Tipperary,

in '48, how might not we, of a later day, ex-

claim, in anguish of bitter thought, as we re-

alize that the picture drew of one spot in Tip-

perary had been a true picture of every plough-

land and townland within the island ever since!

I will give you his description of a "Scene in

the South." You will recognize that it is, so to

speak, a prophetic picture,—prophetic of the

misery, of the desolation, and of the emptiness

of the Ireland of a future time:—

"I was walking along in a pleasant place

The scene seemed as happy as the holy face

Of the blessed Virgin Mary

And the birds sang loud in the leafy screen,

And the breeze sang loud in the leafy screen,

And the birds sang loud in the leafy screen,

And the birds sang loud in the leafy screen,

And the birds sang loud in the leafy screen,

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And the birds sang loud in the leafy screen,

And the birds sang loud in the leafy screen,

anyhow, Ireland is perishing, even though Ame-

rica gains; and there is nobody here that will

find fault with me when I say, that, while I love

America well,—and I do,—I love, and am bound

to love, Ireland more. Standing, to-day, at

Queenstown, Galway, Derry, and other ports of

emigration, I see the life-blood of my country,

so to speak, gushing out, leaving little hope for

us, except, indeed, the melancholy hope that we

may be able to stop the leak; because, my

friends, if we do not, I believe that in twenty

years, with our present depleted population, the

epitaph of poor Ireland will be written.

"No wonder that the song of every muse, on

the sad subject of Erin, should be the song of

sorrow:—

"No wonder that our native harp

Should sound its deepest tones,

When such misery of its country

Is the subject of its groans."

No wonder that the dark hue of national

suffering should enhance the interest and add to

the beauty of the finest productions of Irish

genius. So it is that, to the stranger, it may be

a puzzle that our music is so filled with sadness,

—that our song is a plaint of sorrow. Yet music

in the heart of Ireland, just as my word, to-

night, is the word of my heart. My friends,

what other theme can be imagined of such mel-

ancholy interest to the Irish muse? What other

so sure to draw forth the tears of the patriot,

sensitive to misery, and make all Irishmen,—

at least all who have not yet taken out and cast

away their Irish hearts,—to agree in impeach-

ing England as the guilty author of all their woes.

No wonder that the impatient among us should

look up to Heaven for its vengeance, and that

their tortured fancy should anticipate, a higher

retribution for them than the justice, which of

old, gave Babylon to the vengeful conqueror,

and the Ammonites to the sword of Israel, and

laid Sodom and Gomorrah in smoking ruins.

But here, naturally, arises a question which

may now be fully investigated, for the English,

you will observe, will paint a very different pic-

ture of Ireland, either in their current litera-

ture, or in the history of the past. Every

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(FOUNDED IN 1852)

[illegible]

DR. DOHERTY—Dear Sir: I feel my health so fully restored that, in common gratitude, I believe I should make you some written acknowledgment for your fee.

I arrived in this city from the East about one year ago, and was then suffering from an old case of Gleet, and was told by the physicians to change to this city, and believing that those doctors who gave such positive assurances of success were necessarily the best, I placed myself in their charge, and continued under their treatment for some time, and lost nearly all hope and a considerable sum of money.

I wish to say now that you are the sixth doctor I have employed, and the only one that has ever done me any service. My Gleet is wholly cured. The Stricture is all removed, and my general health is better than it has been for years.

In conclusion, I would say to the many unfortunate

who require medical advice, if you have any doubts as to whom you should employ, ask **DR. DOHERTY** for my address and call and see me. (I keep a store in this city.) My experience may save you many dollars.

I would also add that in the early stage of my disease, I used a large amount of the preparations advertised as infallible: Cures for Gonorrhea, Gleet, etc.; but never obtained any benefit. I am, Doctor, very truly yours, L— H—
San Francisco, June 18th; 1894.

Subscribed, and sworn to before me this 21st day of June, D. 1894.

W. J. [Signature] Notary Public.

Seminal Weakness—A Spoonful of Certificate of Most Remarkable Cure of Spermatophora.

I desire to bend suffering humanity, and a feeling of gratitude to DR. K. C. F. for the medicine he has made me take this statement. For many years I had been afflicted with that fearful disease known as "Spermatophora," or Seminal weakness, the result of self-abuse, and the cause of all my troubles, and I was almost blind. In that year, however, I had Seminal weakness

to a fearful extent, which was soon followed by the most alarming symptoms, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of vision, nervousness

and general debility. My mind, too, was affected to such an extent that I was unable to perform my duties. I was
were confused and spirits depressed, was unable to
society, had evil forebodings and self-distrust, and was
and was unable to perform my duties. I was unable to
to the summer of 1883, I employed the very best medical
treatment I could find, and spent several hundred dollars
in vain. I had concluded there was no relief for me in this
world, but reading DR. DOUGLASS' and I thought I
would call on him. I had an interview with the doctor at his
office, in Sacramento street, and his kind but frank
reply was, "I can do nothing for you, but I can give you
expect much benefit from my treatment." On the fifth
of December I placed myself under his care, in one
of his private rooms, and after a few days of
his "water" treatment, I feel thoroughly cured of all my
troubles, and in the enjoyment of the best of health.
I am able to perform my duties as before, and am
thoroughly satisfied, I am, the writer.

JAMES JOHNSON.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this first day of
February, A. D. 1884.
U. S. J.

A. G. RANDALL, Notary Public,
San Francisco.

When a female is overworked, or afflicted, with disease,
as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head,
dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitations of
the heart, nervousness, general debility, and other
afflictions, derangement of digestive functions, general
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11. Although a blindworm has eyes, it is blind.

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 16, 1874.

"Nationality is no longer an unmeaning or despised name among us. It is welcomed by the higher ranks; it is the inspiration of the bold, and the hope of the people; it is the summary name for many things; it is the literature made by Irishmen and colored by our scenery, manners and characters; it desires to see Art applied to express Irish thoughts and belief; it would make our music sound in every parish at twilight, our pictures sparkle the walls of every house, and our poetry and history sit at every hearth. It would thus create a race of men full of a more intensely Irish character and knowledge, and to that race it would give Ireland; it would give them the sea of Ireland to sweep with their nets and launch on with their navy, the harbors of Ireland to receive greater commerce than any island in the world; the soil of Ireland to live on by more millions than ever before; the fame of Ireland to enhance by their genius and valor. The independence of Ireland to guard by laws and arms."

THOMAS DAVID.

"Who is subject enough to despair of the Cause of Right, and Truth, and Freedom."

JOHN MITCHELL, Oct. 25th, 1853.

The full report of Father Sheehy's lecture, which we publish this week, has so encroached on our space that we have been obliged to hold over much interesting matter. We offer the lecture itself as a full and sufficient apology for all omissions.

STOP THE PRESS!

It would seem that the new British Government do not feel themselves strong enough to allow anything like candid criticism of their proceedings or intentions. They have "warned" the *Flag of Ireland*, in consequence of the publication of certain articles which even the Conservative Press does not regard as felonious under the most rigid construction of the act. Whether they were properly obnoxious to the ministry or not is, however, a question of very little importance. They were the expressions of a man who, as a man, has a right to hold what opinions he pleases, and to give them such publicity as he may see fit. This is the birthright of any citizen of any constitutionally-governed country, and the action of the government in issuing this warning is another proof, if one were needed, that Ireland is not a constitutionally-governed country. The liberty of the Press is the one great voice of the people which never should be gagged. It should be allowed the privilege of holding up to public scrutiny the acts of the highest as well as of the lowest, of testing every act of the powers that be in the crucible of popular opinion, and of presenting each act in as many aspects as it may see fit. Conscious of the sickly appearance which so many of their proceedings would present in this clear light, that body of successful place-hunters and adroit sycophants, which is called in the abstract (we presume in irony) the British Constitution, has enacted for Ireland a special little piece of legislation to which they have given the euphonious title of "The Peace Preservation Act." It is under the provisions of this precious act that any newspaper in Ireland is liable, on the mere fiat of some government flunkay, to be "warned," seized, suppressed, demolished, and enjoined from further publication. This engine was particularly active in the stirring days of '45, and some papers were at that time effectually gagged, the cessation of whose candid criticism and outspoken views on passing events was a real loss to the country at large. Others were suppressed at that time but afterwards resurrected, and have since conducted themselves in such a manner as to offer the government no temptation to a second interference. To realize the full injustice of this summary suppression the fact must be borne in mind, impossible as it may seem to Americans, that when a paper is thus "warned" by the mere ipse dixit of some English placeman no appeal is left for the injured parties. They cannot even give adequate publicity to their wrongs, and their side of the case can never come before the great tribunal of public opinion. Mr. Richard Pigott, editor of the "warned" *Flag of Ireland*, has written to the *Freeman* requesting the publication of his letter, which includes the objectionable passages in the article which led to the "warning" of his paper. In another column we publish the reply given by the *Freeman*, from which it will be seen that that journal was, whether groundlessly or not may be a matter of opinion, afraid to publish the letter, lest it might itself fall under the ban of governmental censure. A Conservative Dublin paper, the *Mail*, while acknowledging its inability to discover anything of treasonable import in the article, is afraid, or, at any rate, does not publish it or any part of it. The *Dublin Gazette*, which was also communicated with on the subject, fails to reproduce it. Thus Mr. Pigott is at once debarred from any possible avenue of justice, as he cannot even give publicity to his wrong, and cannot call in public opinion to check, as far as might be, the arbitrary conduct of the Lord Justices, who were the authors of the "warning." The articles may or may not be objectionable. It does not much matter, as the public can never know whether they were or no. Judged in his absence, and condemned unheard, the victim of oppression and governmental suspicion has no chance of making a subsequent statement. The proceedings bear more analogy to the secret tribunal of the Star Chamber than to the legalized process of a civilized country. And this system of repression is confined to Ireland. Despite his toleration of the sycophantic forms of monarchy, the average Britisher has too much sense of his own rights, too much love of justice, in his own case, to suffer such a state of things. A member of Parliament, himself an Englishman, has remarked that, if the articles which constantly appear in *Reynold's Newspaper*, a London publication, were to appear in any Dublin paper, it would be suppressed within a month. It must

be a rotten system of government whose acts cannot endure the public ventilation of the Press—which has to resort to such questionable means for its protection. The Irish people may feel their wrongs, that the British cannot prevent,—they may brood over them in secret and in silence, but they may not publish them through any channel that could reach the outside world, for that would bring discredit on English philanthropy, and would make some startling disclosures as to the glorious constitution which it is the pride of our tyrants to extol to the stars. They boast that the meanest criminal under their law has the right to plead his case, and will be held innocent till he be proved guilty; but an editor who has committed the unpardonable wrong of criticising the acts of government, or of candidly chronicling their effect on any part of the Empire (that is, if he is Irish and attempts to champion his country), is condemned unheard, and suppressed by an edict as irresponsible and unquestionable as ever despotism placed in the power of an ancient potentate. By these means the Press in Ireland is confined to a little groove which it must travel around with no more opportunity for expressing or directing public opinion than is possessed by a South Sea Islander. It is at this abuse that the cry of reform should first be levelled. A free Press is the indispensable servant of a free people, and without it England may

"Heap heavier still the fetters,
Bar closer still the grate,"

and treat our country in accordance with her old repressive policy, inaugurated on savages and consummated on Ireland, without the outside world even suspecting the full enormity of her wrongs. If the public Press does not complain, the people may be assumed to be contented; therefore the journal that raises its protest against tyranny has done a good work, though it should be warned and suppressed the next moment. It has sent forth the winged words that will carry the knowledge of at least one wrong to the uttermost corner of the globe, and the very fact of its suppression furnishes at once another outrage of unparalleled atrocity, and accounts, at once and forever, for the absence of further complaints. It is to be hoped that the Irish contingent in Parliament will take up this question, and will not rest until they bring it to some conclusion. It is for such purposes as this that our representation in the British Parliament alone can be rendered subservient to any good purpose.

AN IRISH FAMINE.

In another column will be read an article from the *Dublin Freeman* detailing a distress in Connemara which seems closely allied to famine. The *Freeman* urges the Tory Government to vindicate its boasted character for liberality, and to step forward and see that the first duty of a government is fulfilled, and that the people have enough to eat. It is to be hoped that this will be done, but the English, in the character of famine relievers, have a record which is none of the best. Should this distress be widely spread, the prospect for Ireland is gloomy in the extreme. We have the stubborn fact before us that the potato crop has failed in one of the poorest districts, and we have had too much experience of such failures in bygone years to expect any result but one. Already local preparations have been made to meet the danger; the poor-houses are being fitted up as far as possible against the time when their melancholy shelter will be indispensable. The clergymen of the different dioceses are drawing up memorials to lay before the authorities the ominous fact that already "thousands of hard-working people are breadless and penniless." Why should these things be? Is Ireland a country of such inherent and inevitable poverty that she is to be decimated at intervals by famine, and still unable to support her vastly decreased population? How comes it that the people are starving among thousands of acres of the most fertile land in the world? These are melancholy questions, and carry in their answer the most convincing reply to the lying cant of statesmen who point to Ireland as a prosperous sample of the result of British legislation. The land that should support the people is parcelled out for pasture, and feeds cattle only, and these cattle are shipped off, for the most part, and sold in England. "A good trade," says the English Political Economist, "and another proof of Ireland's present prosperity." But the money for which they are sold does not return to Ireland. It finds its way into the pockets of absentee landlords, and helps to keep up the lavish expenditure of foreign capitals. And so the drain goes on; and when the impoverished country is visited, sooner or later, by the inevitable famine, the spendthrifts look on from abroad, and marvel at the imprudence of the people. This old play, on one side a farce, on the other a tragedy, has been repeated before us till we are familiar with its every horrowing detail. To us the marvel is, not that there should be a famine, but that there should be a soul left in Ireland to suffer by it. Even now we read "The most extraordinary and painful sacrifices are being made by the younger of the afflicted to procure sufficient funds to enable them to emigrate." It speaks volumes for the love of country, which is innate in every Irish heart, that the people have not risen en masse and deserted a country which was created so beautiful by God, and was made a charnel-house by man.

Ireland has suffered so much by famine in past years that the present can hardly be looked upon as an insupportable, or even an unexpected difficulty. There must be a means of applying an immediate remedy if the will be present. Yet, judging from the policy at present pursued by the British in India under similar circumstances, the old fallacy of Relief Works has not

yet exploded. The preposterous system of setting starving, weakened and emaciated people to laborious work will probably be reproduced in Ireland—that is, if the Government decide to give relief at all. We are by no means certain as yet that they will. In the famine years of '46, '47 and '48, so far from coming forward with substantial aid themselves, they stood in the light of the world's charity. The Sultan of Turkey had to be requested to outlast his munificent donation, lest it might cast in the shade the miserable pittance presented by "Her Most Gracious Majesty." A heavy import duty was levied on the grain ships which plying America sent to relieve the Irish distress, that the laws of political economy might not be disturbed, and that the English might make capital out of the necessities of the Irish. Therefore, on the present occasion, our British rulers may not see fit to extend aid at all, but may content themselves with rejoicing at the sufferings of a race which they alike hate and fear.

The intensity of the distress will be aggravated by the situation. Connemara is one of the poorest districts in Ireland, and, like most of Connemara, is more dependent on the potato crop than is exactly prudent. Still it is difficult to see what other means are open to them, or what other crop they could raise in sufficient quantities on the wretched little patches which form the majority of the "holdings." If the accounts, as yet but mere outlines, be not exaggerated, it is to be feared that the hideous scenes of '46 will be repeated in at least one district. By taking the difficulty in time the worst effects may be averted; but the very fact that the clergy consider it necessary to present, not only memorials but petitions to Government in the face of an imminent famine, is ominously significant. The local charities will, no doubt, do their utmost, but that can be but the open-handed liberality which the poor are ever ready to extend towards the poor, and can do but little if the distress is widespread. From the other side of the channel the most that can be expected is the introduction of the infamous Relief Works, of whose merits we have already had too much opportunity of judging, and which have hitherto proved themselves but ingenious inventions for prolonging the slow torture of starvation. We hope that we will not see the dreary role of mismanagement reenacted on the present occasion. It is clearly the duty of any Government that pretends to be such to grapple with difficulties like these as they arise. Yet it would be far better for the people to be left to their own devices than to be a second time exposed to the killing effects of British charity. We wait further accounts with something more than anxiety.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

PARIS, April 13, 1874.

To the Editor of the Irish Nationalist.

SIR—There has been little talked of here for the last week but the escape of the Communists, Rochefort, Paschal Grousset, Jourde, and the others. And what floods of abuse have been poured upon their heads from all quarters of the compass! Most certainly I have neither love nor liking for any of these people, and I have nothing but the strongest dislike for what I can make out to be their opinions; but still I think they aren't a bit worse than many of those who are loudest in their anathemas: some of the Bonapartists, for example. Rochefort, for instance, is a highly ill-conditioned, not to say disreputable, sort of person, but he is amiable, and high-principled, and tolerant, when compared with that notorious swash-buckler, Paul de Cassagnac. To be sure, de Cassagnac may have the advantage in a sort of brutal courage, (and that's something), but Rochefort has very much the advantage in point of brains, (and that's also something). There were many people somewhat sceptical about the truth of the news up to-day; but there can no longer be any doubt about the matter, as two dispatches have been just received by the authorities here, one from the French Consul at Sydney, and the other from M. Gauthier de la Riboisière, Governor of New Caledonia. There have been no details, however, given as yet, though there have been all sorts of absurd conjectures, as, for instance, that they swam for a quarter of a mile through a sea full of sharks. The only circumstance that all the papers seem agreed upon is, that they got off on an English ship, with the connivance of the captain at least, if not by previous concert with him. There is, of course, to be an immediate inquiry into the whole affair, on the well-known principle, I suppose, of shutting the stable door, etc. We must all have seen a good deal of this sort of caution in our time. Many of your readers, as well as myself, have no doubt a sufficiently vivid remembrance of Mr. Stephens' escape from Richmond Prison. I, at least, shall never forget the craven fear and crazy fussiness of the officials. A cat couldn't creep out of the prison during the rest of the time we remained there. To be sure, no one had any intention of trying to get out, and the person they especially wanted to keep in was out. I suppose they'll find some scapegoat of a Mr. Marquis as easily in New Caledonia as elsewhere; and that'll be the end of the matter, so far at least as the officials are concerned. As to what is likely to be the end of Rochefort and the others, that is no present business of mine; nor is it likely to be any future care. But I find, since writing the above, that it is likely to be some slight business of yours out in California. The latest news, or the latest rumor (it's impossible to know which), is that these estimable Communistic gentlemen have set sail for San Francisco; so it's possible you may know all about them, or all that you care to know, before this reaches you. Happily

for you, Mr. Rochefort and Co. can do little harm, if they can do no good, in San Francisco. I don't suppose you must pardon me if I err through ignorance; they'd find many fine public buildings to burn, and I'm quite sure you wouldn't let them kill any of your bishops or judges. In fine, I wish you a happy and therefore a speedy riddance of your new guests, if they are your guests.

The most violent and acrimonious discussions about the Septennate still continue, nor is there the smallest prospect of any speedy end to them. The right-divine gentlemen, if they do not give very hard knocks, at least use very hard words. They are, like the former French and Spanish Kings whom they worship, most Christian and most Catholic, but they are anything but Christian in their treatment of their enemies—they'd be the last men, in the world, to present the second cheek when smote upon the first, and they seem never to have heard of the gentle word which turneth away wrath. They have a perfect resemblance to their favorite Bourbons, too, in that they never forget anything and never learn anything. (Ils n'ont rien oublié, ils n'ont rien appris.) But hard words break no bones. The Legitimists may go backwards and forwards, between Frohsdorf and Paris as often as they like; they may bring the Count de Chambord to Marseilles again and threaten to proclaim him King when the Assembly meets—such are some of the many designs which are currently attributed to them—but they are never to be quit for their pains. They are also entirely powerless for action, however loud and angry in talk. Marshal McMahon ("j'y suis, j'y reste"—saying attributed to McMahon at the taking of the Malakoff) is there, and there he's likely to stay, at least for anything the Legitimists can say or do to the contrary. As to the absolute chances in favor of the Marshal's continuing to govern the country for the next seven years, it is the most difficult thing possible to pronounce, not only with any degree of certainty, but even with any degree of probability. He has declared that he will only continue to govern with the aid of Conservatives, and now a large section of the Conservatives, and that the most conservative section, has already shown its unwillingness to support him any longer. To be sure, there are other Conservatives to "fall back upon." The Left Centre, which opposed the Septennate at first, is now willing to accept it, and thinks it affords as good a means as any other of attaining M. Thiers' ideal of a Conservative Republic. Hence there has been much written for some time past about the advisability of a union of the two Centres; and 'tisn't easy to see any very strong reason, in the nature of things, why they should not unite. It is quite idle to say that M. Leon Sang, M. Casimir Perin, and many others of the Left Centre, are not quite as conservative, in any proper sense, of the word, as the Duke de Broglie or the Duke Decazes. All this does not, however, by any means make it certain that the union will take place. The Duke de Broglie and his friends of the Right Centre, while quite willing, and probably now even anxious, to keep the Count de Chambord out, are at the same time desirous of having a loop-hole open for the Count de Paris. The result of all this is, that there is just now something that looks very like a dead-lock; it seems impossible to move in any direction without coming into violent collision with one's neighbors. What's to be the upshot of all this I'm by no means prophet enough, or presumptuous enough to say. Qui vivra, verra.

AN IRISH EXILE.

OUR DUBLIN LETTER.

DUBLIN, April 24th, 1874.

To the Editor of the Irish Nationalist.

SIR—It is very hard to find a supply of news just now, and were it not for the "warning" given by the Government to the *Flag of Ireland*, I would have nothing to tell you at all. As you may not have a very clear idea of what a "warning" is, let me explain the matter to you: Under the Act 33 Vic. C. 9, commonly known as the "Coercion Act," the Lord Lieutenant is empowered to suppress any newspaper in Ireland on seven days' notice. He can seize the type, plant, machinery, etc., and close the office. If the proprietor of the paper likes, he can bring an action against the Lord Lieutenant, and recover—if he get a verdict—not his paper, nor his machinery and type, nor his office and furniture—but damages. And the Act goes on to provide that such damages shall be paid out of the pockets of the ratepayers. Now, we will suppose that the owner of a suppressed paper brings an action, in a court where the sheriff has power, in spite of Lord O'Hagan's Act, to pack a jury panel with enemies of everything Irish and National, then unless the jury give a unanimous verdict for the unfortunate plaintiff there is no redress for him. What chance is there that he should get a verdict, when one West Briton on the jury can hinder him? What chance, when the sheriff, an officer appointed by the Crown, can, and must, if he wish for viceregal favor, manipulate the jury panel so as to get a few of the "real true blue sort" on the jury. In the very worst times of the Second Empire in France a paper could not be suppressed without three warnings; in Ireland, under the British Constitution, one is enough. Well, the "Flag of Ireland" received a "warning" last Friday, and there is nothing in the world to hinder "our rulers" from seizing the paper to-day if the notion takes them.

As the subject of the Coercion Acts has turned up, allow me to give you a few additional specimens of the delightful laws under which we live. Any person having arms in a proclaimed district is liable to two years' imprisonment with hard labor. Now, one would think that there should

be some precautions taken that a district be not proclaimed without real cause, but the Act allows the Viceroy to proclaim any district that he wishes. When proclaimed, it is governed as follows: Any person out of his house between sunset and sunrise is liable to six months' hard labor; people have already suffered under this clause. Any stranger found in a proclaimed local city—that is, any person whose fixed abode is not in that locality—is liable to six months' imprisonment with hard labor; people have suffered under this clause. Any person "who shall be deemed suspicious"—that is, any one who is suspected of being suspected—may be arrested and committed to jail as long as the Lord Lieutenant likes; and the Act says, "no court or judge shall discharge, bail, or try the prisoner;" and further, "the warrant (that is the warrant for his arrest) shall be deemed and taken as conclusive evidence of matters therein stated." If the Lord Lieutenant wishes, "any prisoner arrested under this Act may not hold any communication, verbally or in writing, with any person not in Her Majesty's service." There are men in jail under this Act, men who do not know for what they were arrested, who are not allowed to communicate with friend or relative or professional adviser, and who may rot there, so long as the Viceroy likes. In a proclaimed district, any house can be broken into by night or day, and, under pretence of searching for arms, the wife and daughters can be turned half-naked out of their beds, or the bedclothes stripped from them by any squireen J.P. whose lustful desires have been disappointed by the wife or daughter. SUCH A THING HAS ACTUALLY OCCURRED.

These are the laws we live under in Ireland, and under these we must live till we achieve our freedom. What are you, our fellow-countrymen in America, doing to aid us in freeing ourselves? What practical assistance have you ever given? Your newspaper, organs above the Home Rule movement, but have they or you done anything for the country, beyond writing a blood-and-thunder article or marching on Patrick's Day with a tower of green feathers on your head, and dragging a twenty-pound sword after you? It is easy to criticise the hurrying when you are on the ditch. When you come into the field and help to gain a "goal," your advice will be received with respect and your criticisms listened to with deference. Tell you do so, your "resolutions" and "articles," your denunciations of Home Rule, and your speeches about "smiting the Saxon tyrant," will be dismissed with the pitying verdict of "more bunkum," or "another column of d—d rot," are the usual comments at present. How many of the men who paraded on Patrick's Day belong to any organization which is in direct communication with a National organization in Ireland? I now say National in its broadest sense, and whether the society in Ireland purports to carry out its schemes by armed force or peaceful agitation, how many men in San Francisco have sided it? The man who talks of "Irish Nationality" and "the dear old land," over a dining-table, but who never does anything to put his views into practical shape, is a liar, and the truth is not in him. He is probably some one who is looking for office or for some pecuniary benefit from his Irish fellow-citizens; he is one of the trading politicians with whom it has pleased the Almighty to afflict our race. The Irishman who does not belong to some active, practical organization, having for its object the amelioration of Ireland's present piteous condition, is a soulless hound, who deserves to be a slave. He is not an Irishman; he is one of a brood of vermin spawned by the country, but who are not of her blood or kin.

I am afraid if I wrote more on this point I might use strong language, and therefore I will leave it.

We have got a new Lord Lieutenant, or rather an old one has been sent back to us like a bad half-penny. The Duke of Abercorn has been once more sent to rule over us, and has announced that his government will be "firm." We know what that means.

Of course he was presented with a lot of addresses and congratulations—there are a set of people in this country who would present an address to a London prostitute if she were only sent over here on official business, and had the Hall-mart of Downing street on her—the Kings-town Commissioners addressed him; the Dublin Corporation addressed him; and so did the Royal Dublin Society, and some dozen other Royal and Imperial societies. The Dublin Corporation distinguished themselves for slavish meanness. When the arrangements for the public entrance of the Satrap were made, it was found that though the Corporation were to take part in the procession they were not allowed to enter the reception-room of the Castle, so when they had escorted the Viceroy to his door they were to turn down a narrow passage and leave the Castle yard at once by a back way. They were not to enter the reception-room. No one under the rank of a militia officer or a detective was allowed in there. After this affront, will it be believed that they begged to be allowed to come into the reception-room by the back door, and their request was granted. So much for the manliness and decency displayed by our city fathers.

Fine spring weather has set in here for the last three or four days, and with it a change in our discomforts. The mud through which we wade in winter has dried up, and in the shape of dust is blinding our eyes, ruining our clothes, covering every article of furniture half an inch thick if we leave our windows open for a few minutes. The Town Council is so busy haunting the Viceroyal back-stairs, and drawing up addresses, that it has no time to attend to the cleaning of our streets.

CML.

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 16, 1874.

COUNTRY AGENTS FOR THE "IRISH NATIONALIST."

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 THOMAS WOGAN,.....Silver City, Nev
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TO OUR READERS.

It shall be our constant aim to make this the best IRISH PAPER PUBLISHED IN AMERICA. To do this we have made arrangements which involve great expense, to meet which we rely on the aid of every Irishman in America who desires to see Ireland free, and the Irish race in America elevated to a position which they are entitled to occupy.

We earnestly urge on those of our country subscribers who are delinquent to forward their subscriptions at once to this office, and to urge on their friends of Irish birth and sympathy to subscribe.

Agents Wanted.

We are anxious to secure agencies in the various cities and towns east of the Rocky Mountains as well as in the Pacific States and Territories, and to the right parties will offer special opportunities. We would thank friends to interest themselves in aiding us to forward this end, as we are determined to make THE IRISH NATIONALIST a true exponent of Irish feeling, and solely devoted to advance the cause of an INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC ON IRISH SOIL.

Subscribers not receiving their paper regularly will confer a favor by informing us of the fact, so that we may ascertain the cause if possible, and apply a remedy.

THOMAS DEOGAN, Graniteville, Nevada county, is authorized to act as agent for the IRISH NATIONALIST. We hope the friends of Irish Independence, will aid him in procuring subscribers, and thereby aid that cause.

ANNUAL EXCURSION OF THE K. R. B.—On Sunday, the 24th inst., the Knights of the Red Branch will betake themselves with their friends to Belmont Park, to enjoy the beauties of that popular resort, and to taste all the pleasures which such excursions, when well conducted, always provide. Blythe's Band will furnish music, and nothing will be left undone to ensure the comfort and enjoyment of all participants. The Hibernia Rifles, Captain Thomas Desmond, will escort the Knights on this occasion. The proceeds will be devoted to the Irish National cause. Nothing has been left undone by the Committee to ensure the complete success of the excursion. Ample car accommodation (regular passenger cars) has been secured; and to add to the attractions on the ground valuable prizes are offered, which are open to the competition both of military and civilians.

ADVICE from San Jose de Guatemala give the particulars of an affair which may get that little republic into trouble. The Commandant, Gonzalez, has seen fit to flog a British vice-consul, an Irishman named Magee. Endeavoring to escape the consequences of his conduct, Gonzalez was shot by the passengers of the "Arizona," and has since died of his wounds. Further accounts will be expected with interest. It looks as if England would have another "Ashantee expedition" on her hands.

Those who are about to furnish their homes, or to renew an indispensable requisite of modern luxury, cannot do better than visit Messrs. Mountain and Ray at 718 Market St., and inspect their magnificent stock of carpets, oil-cloth, curtains, etc. No one can fail to be completely satisfied.

John Laddy is still at his store, 123 Fourth St., where he continues to supply his customers with boots and shoes in the most satisfactory manner, and at the most reasonable rates.

The Jackson Dragons have issued the invitations for their annual excursion. Next Wednesday, the 20th inst., in the day, and Schuetzen Park is the place selected. An exceptionally pleasant day awaits all the guests of the Jackson Dragons.

Make Money, Fast and honorably, \$12.50 per day, or \$75 per week, by at once applying for a territorial right, (which are given free to agents), to sell the best, strongest, most useful and rapid selling Sewing Machine, and Patent Button Hole Worker, ever used or recommended by families, or buy one for your business, it is only \$5. Sent free everywhere by express. Address all orders, to BUCKLAND SEWING MACHINE, care, Greenwich and Cortlandt streets New York.

SOME men have a natural faculty for acquiring popularity, and thereby ensuring custom. Such a one is our friend Chris. Kerrins, of the Mariposa Store, 1419 Folsom street, where he sells groceries, wines, etc., both wholesale and retail, and has a general welcome ready for all.

CAPTAIN KING HARMAN, a prominent Home Ruler, was stabbed on the 23d ult., in Sligo, by a man named Clancy. At last accounts his condition was still precarious. Three other gentlemen were cut at the same time, more or less seriously.

VASQUEZ, the notorious bandit, whose deeds have been the terror of Southern California, has been captured, and is at present safe in Los Angeles jail.

The Flag of Ireland.

[From the Dublin Freeman.]

We have received a letter from Mr. Richard Pigott, of the Flag of Ireland, with reference to what he kindly considers our "very able article" of Saturday upon the "warning" given by the Lords Justices to his newspaper, under the provisions of the Peace Preservation Act. Mr. Pigott states that he quotes the incriminated articles in his communication to us, and requests us to publish the letter, so as to afford the public an opportunity of judging of the propriety of the "warning." We regret that we cannot comply with the request; we could not say that our reproduction of these articles might not subject us to a "warning." It is true that, having read the paragraphs quoted in Mr. Pigott's letter, we concur with our Conservative contemporary the Mail in being unable to discover in them justification for the notice. But, as the Dublin Gazette did not reproduce them, we must decline to do so. Whatever we might think of the opinions expressed therein, either as regards their taste or their tendency, we do not believe that any lawyer would risk recommending proceedings against the journal which gave them utterance; and certainly, if this is the kind of "treason" the Government is to be issued to prevent, it is like using a Nasmyth hammer to crush a snail. But we live in strange times when no journalist can conjecture what may or not be considered justification for a "warning;" and those who were capable of what the Mail at first considered the "hoax" of serving the notice on the Flag of Ireland, might think it the soundest of policy to play a similar "joke" upon ourselves. Mr. Pigott declares his determination to "continue to criticise the Home Rule movement," while keeping "within the law" so far as it is possible while the law is defined as it is now. Unfortunately, as it appears to us, it is not a question of law at all. It is a question of the opinion of the Lords Justices. If Mr. Pigott desires to have these articles reproduced, and the opinion of the public taken upon them, we think his best course would be to get some member to read them in his place in Parliament.

John Nolan and the Greenwich Election.

We copy from the Irishman the following defence of a true and faithful Nationalist, and a well-merited rebuke to one who, to say the least, showed the "white feather" in "the times that tried men's souls":

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISHMAN.

DUBLIN, APRIL 8, 1874.
 DEAR SIR—In the issue of the New York Irish World of the 21st March, I find the following paragraph in the Irish correspondence:

"Mr. Nolan, who occupies the position of help or shopman to McSweney, Sackville st., Dublin, and who went over to Greenwich to oppose the return of Mr. Gladstone by offering himself as a candidate, is full of indignation against that gentleman. When he arrived in Greenwich he withdrew his candidature in the view of serving Gladstone and the Liberal interest. But he was rewarded with the blackest ingratitude. Mr. Gladstone slighted the petition, for the liberation of the Fenian prisoners so soon as he was returned. Capt. Nolan, who must not be confounded with the above-mentioned gentleman, is now member for Galway, which is a great victory for the popular cause."

My object in writing this letter is to draw the attention of your readers to the malicious slander contained in one portion of the precious extract above quoted, and the aristocratic snobbery displayed in the remainder of it. Sir, the statement that Mr. Nolan withdrew from the Greenwich contest "in the view of serving Gladstone and the Liberal interest," is an atrocious misstatement of facts, and I believe your readers will agree with me when I assert that the onus of proving that such misstatement was not wilful and deliberate lies with the correspondent in question, Mr. C. M. O'Keefe. Mr. O'Keefe either wrote that paragraph knowing that it was utterly false, or he wrote it in complete ignorance of the reason which induced Mr. Nolan to withdraw. If the former, I leave your readers to judge of Mr. O'Keefe's motives and tactics; if the latter, I tell Mr. O'Keefe that a reckless falsehood is just as criminal as a deliberate one, and I tell him that the writer who prostitutes his pen for the purposes of calumny and misrepresentation is little better than the perjurer who swears his victim's life away. Your readers know, sir, that Mr. Nolan withdrew from the Greenwich contest at the request of a committee representing the bulk of the Irishmen of that borough, and after Mr. Langley had given all the promises and pledges deemed requisite by the Irish electors.

That faith was not kept with Mr. Nolan subsequently is no fault of his, and I can assert fearlessly that his action was endorsed by every honest man cognizant of the state of affairs. Mr. Nolan did not withdraw "in view of serving Gladstone and the Liberal interest."

Now, as to the aristocratic snobbery displayed in the paragraph. The would-be gentleman who does the World correspondence attempts to sneer at "Mr. Nolan, the help or shopman." I have yet to learn, sir, that a position of trust and confidence in one of the leading commercial houses in Dublin is thing to be contemptuously sneered at. I hope that the readers of the World will resent such snobbish impertinence as it should be. In an Irish-American paper—a paper read by people who, flying from aristocratic persecution at home, have found peace and prosperity under a Republican Government; and within the shelter of Democratic institutions abroad—Mr. Nolan is sneered at, because he earns his bread in commercial life. To make the sneer more marked we are told "not to confound Captain Nolan with the above-named gentleman," and we are informed that the return of Captain Nolan is "a great victory for the popular cause." A more slavish, toadying paragraph never found insertion in a (so-called) Democratic newspaper. I hope, sir, that the friends of John Nolan, the Honorary Secretary of the Amner's Association, will show their resentment at Mr. O'Keefe's conduct. I hope that your readers in America will give practical tokens of their disgust at the base, false, and malicious attack made on him, and will show the proprietors of the World that they cannot touch a paper which makes its pages calumnious attacks on men who have labored hard in the Irish National cause.—I am, dear sir, yours, &c.,

THOMAS O. NEIL,

Dealer in Foreign and Domestic

Wines and Liquors,

Southeast Cor. Washington and Seventh

Streets, Oakland.

Agent for Wm. Woodward's Wines and Brandy and

Diamond O. E. Whisky.

Distress in Connemara.

[From the Dublin Freeman.]

We have received from a most reliable correspondent a piteous tale concerning the poverty of the people in Connemara. The distress is, unfortunately, general and extensive. The potato crop has failed, and the credit with shopkeepers has consequently vanished. And thus thousands of hardworking, honest people are breadless and penniless. The workhouse is being fitted up for the imminent eventuality; and so great will be the influx of paupers that the increased rates will very soon reduce supporters and supported to the same level. The most extraordinary and painful sacrifices are being made by the younger of the afflicted to procure sufficient funds to enable them to emigrate; and on all sides the pangs of actual want or impending ruin possess the population. The clergy of the Deanery of Clifden recently waited upon the guardians of the poor and made ample representations of the deplorable condition of things. The chairman then drew up a memorial to the Government, praying for relief, and suggesting the propriety and justice of expending a portion of the surplus Church Funds on public works in the district. This memorial was forwarded to the Local Government Board, with a request that it be remitted to the Lord Lieutenant. The present Administration has during its brief term of office prided itself on its liberality, and in dealing with the dire distress in India has certainly shown admirable courage and generosity. We do not envy India, and we do not question the humanity which voted millions for the relief of her starving children. But we must certainly believe that while famine in India is to be properly remedied, famine in Connemara deserves instant attention. An inspector under the Local Government Board might in three days discover the genuine character and limits of the destitution; and when he makes his report, the Irish Government should vigorously begin the business of relief. As a matter of present necessity and historical fact much of the hatred of the Irish peasant towards his English ruler has arisen from his ruler's contemptuous indifference to sufferings of indescribable poignancy. The money which feeds the Indian has, in part, come from Irish pockets; the money which fed Lancashire lads and lassies in their hours of hunger was contributed by Irish lands and hearts; the money which compensated English and Scotch farmers for losses by cattle plague was taken from Irish revenues in common with British. The cases are quite analogous; but apart from precedent, the first function of a Government is to enable a people to live. The Government which fails to discharge this foremost and initial obligation is undeserving of fidelity, and has no claim on obedience. We sincerely hope there is no need to enforce these irrefutable doctrines, or to worry Mr. Disraeli's Ministry into doing justice to the starving people of Connemara. No time should be lost. The matter is of utmost urgency, and the attention of Parliament should be directed to this momentous misfortune with promptitude and vigor.

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Belmont Park is so well known that it is needless to say anything of its beauties. As a pleasure ground, it has no equal on the coast. Ample car accommodations have been procured. A large variety of elegant prizes will be given to the successful contestants in the games and other features, making the occasion worthy of the Irish National Cause—to advance which the proceeds will be adopted. Blythe's splendid band of twenty pieces will furnish the music.

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